Mabel Ann Gilbert.

THE MOON ON MY LEFT

The Illustrations are by

ANNA ZINKEISEN

The

MOON

ON MY LEFT

By CARYL BRAHMS

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DEDICATION

In the beginning this book was to be all about Anthony, and so I supposed that in the end it would belong to him. But as it grew it became about Jennifer and Agatha-Ann, Septimus Soozle, Nannie, and Aunt Amelia's Cicely, not to mention Montague Macgregor Macnamara J. McBee ; and it seemed as though it ought to be their book. There was a time when a graceful dedication was planned to Timothy the Terrible, Tsar of Timbuctoo, hoping that it may in some way console him for the lack of a Daddy with a proper kind of OOOH ! But it was decided that nothing could make up for that misfortune.

The Editor of the Home Page of the *Evening Standard* has extended the hospitality of his columns to so many of these verses that it looked for a long time as though the book would belong to him : then the title was borrowed from Mr. Hilaire Belloc, a Poet ; and it seemed right that the book should be offered to him, because of this poem :

> The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other :
> The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.
> The moon on my left, and the dawn on my right.
> My brother, good morning—my sister, good night.

But when the book was finished I knew that it belonged to my Mother and to my Father, because they were my first friends.

C. B.

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Many of these verses have appeared
on the Home Page of the
Evening Standard.

THE MOON ON MY LEFT

THE KING'S HIGH DRUMMER

He was Bang bang-banging on his
Big Bass Drum,
And the Regiment went marching to his
Thr-r-rum thrum thrum,
They came marching up the garden with their
Firm hard tread,
A line of British Soldiers with a Drummer
At their head.
They came March march-marching through the
Wide front door,
And they clambered up the staircase to the
Second floor.
But, " It's Tea-Time, Darling, come and
Wash your hands,"
Ordered Nannie to the leader of the
Regimental Bands :
She could hear him banging on his
Big Bass Drum,
But she didn't guess a Regiment was marching
To his Thr-r-um.

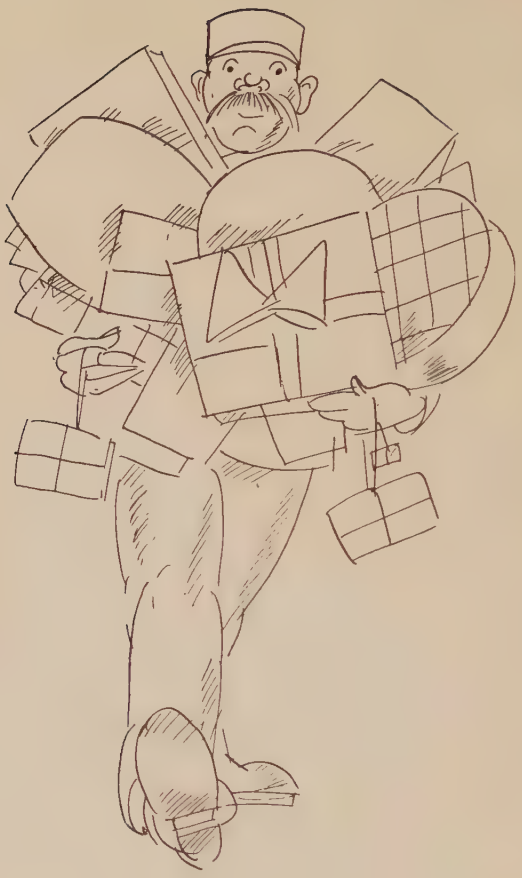
So the King's High Drummer put his
Drum away,
And he's going to play at Regiments
Another day ;
He'll go Bang bang-banging on his
Big Bass Drum
And the corridor will echo to his
Thr-r-rum thrum thrum.

NEW SHOES

I'm walking on the pavement with my head held high
And my knees held stiff
And my shoes kept dry,
For the streeets are awful muddy when the cars splash by,
So I'm walking on the pavement with my head held high.

There's a manly sort of whistle and it comes from me,
And the people think
I'm a man, you see ;
And I stump along the pavement just as steady as can be,
There's a manly sort of whistle and it comes from me.

There's lovely sound of banging when my feet go down,
And my nice new shoes
Are a nice bright brown,
And the pavements kind of echo when I walk in town,
There's a lovely sound of banging when my feet go down.



CHRISTMAS AT THE ZOO

What do all the creatures do
When it's Christmas at the Zoo ?
Does the Keeper do their shoppings
While his wife lends out her stockings,
And has she got a thousand pairs
Or do the animals go shares ?
Are there gifts for everyone,
With Crackers and an Extra Bun—
Have the Crackers got Surprises
And Caps in all assorted sizes ?
Will there be a Chimpanzee
Swinging from the Christmas Tree,
Hanging by his tail between
Candles and the Fairy Queen,
And when at last it's Christmas Night
Will the candles be alight ?

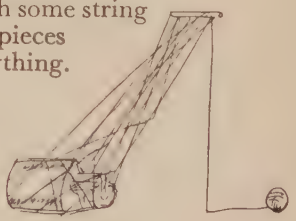
What will Father Christmas do
Without a chimney at the Zoo ?
He won't—he WON'T forget to come
Inside the aq-quair-ri-UM
And leave the diff'rent sorts of fishes
Sea-fruit with the Season's Wishes !

Are they given for a treat
Proper Christmas things to eat,
The animals who have to stay
At the Zoo all Christmas Day ?
I shall think about the Zoo
When it's Christmas Day—won't YOU?

REBELLION

Well, why can't I play games with Peter ?
He's awfully clever I think,
I don't mind his rumpelly collars
Nor his handkerchiefs grubby with ink,
I don't like to see hair too tidy,
I think that a loud voice is nice,
And of course Peter isn't rough really
Though he did trip his Nanny up twice.

Oh, WHY can't I go out with Peter ?
He's made up a wonderful game,
And it wasn't his fault that a golf ball
Went straight through the cucumber frame,
And it wasn't his fault that the mower
Got all muddled up with some string
And had to be taken to pieces
Before it could cut anything.



Well, why can't I play games with Peter
I know that he didn't mean harm
That terrible time he was Tempted
And sounded the Fire-Alarm,
And of course he is awfully sorry
That he let out the chickens that day,
And Mummie's new coat was just BORROWED
To use for a Wig-Wam in play.

So I'm *going* to play games with Peter—
The times he's not made to stay in,——
And to-day when his punishment's over
We've got a new game to begin ;
We're going to borrow some scissors,
And decorate Nannie's best hat—
And if I get spanked in the morning
Well, I jolly well do, and that's that !

ANTHONY IN THE MOONSHINE

" Moon, up there,
Are you all right ? "
That's what I said
To Moon last night.
" Boy, down there,"
Moon said to me
" I should like
Company ! "

" Moon, up there,
What can you see ? "
" A very big boy
Called Anthony.
Mostly he's Wrong,
But he's sometimes Right "—
That's what the Moon
Said last night.

" Boy, down there,"
Moon said to me,
" When you're in bed
Watch out for me.
I'll be shining with
My silverest light."
" Good night, Moon."
" Boy, good night."

" Good night . . . Moon."
" . . . Boy . . . Good . . . Night." . . .

BED TIME

When the Autumn leaves are falling
Crisp and brown
Is it 'cos the grass is calling
" Do come down ? "
When the Schooner, sails a'swaying
Puts to sea
Is it 'cos the waves are saying
" Play with me ? "
When the Sun is busy setting
Round and red,
Is it 'cos he knows it's getting
Time for bed ?

THE STATUE

He sits in a chair
At the bottom of the street,
Pigeons circle round his head
And nestle at his feet ;
But except for the pigeons
He sits there alone
And no one says " Good morning "—
He's made of stone.

What is he waiting for
Quietly there,
That kind stone man
In his high stone chair ?
People hurry past to lunch,
Scurry by to tea,
Till there's only the pigeons left
For company.

He sits in a chair
At the bottom of the street—
Sparrows perch along his arm,
Pigeons at his feet ;
People are too hurrying
To bid him " How d'you do "
But the wild birds tell him secret things
Like I tell you.

THE BAROMETER

Old Mrs. Mottleby comes to clean
On Mondays and Fridays, and in between
While she's scrubbing the floor in the nursery
Old Mrs. Mottleby talks to me.

When the wind's in the east, which is often the rule
She gets the rheumatikses something crule !

When the wind's in the north, which is almost as bad,
She gets such neuralgee it jest drives her mad !
And it doesn't much help when the wind's in the south
For that's when she feels every tooth in her mouth !

But if it's a day when the wind's in the west,
She brings an umbrella and hopes for the best.

So on Mondays and Fridays I 'member to say,
" What kind of a wind are we having to-day ?
Rheumatikses, Toothache, Neuralgee, or jest
A Take-an-umbrella-and-hope-for-the-best ? "

SHADOWS

I don't like Shadows—
Espeshly in Halls—
I don't like Shadows
Beginning on Walls
And grad-u-ly spreading
To every stair
Just as I'm ready to put my foot there !

I hold on to Nannie
Much harder than tight,
For there's nothing like Shadows
For Scaring at Night,
And we take a deep breath
At the very First Stair,
But wherever our feet go
The Shadow is there.

I don't like Shadows,
Espesh-u-ly where
There ought to be nothing
But ordin'ry Air,
I can't see the good
Of a Shadow at all—
And I DON'T like the Shadows
We keep in our Hall !

FOUR ANGELS TO MY HEAD

Matthew, Mark, Luke, John,
Guard the bed that I lie on.

Good Saint Matthew, look and see
The little frightened boy that's me.

Down here in the lonely dark
Help me to be brave, Saint Mark.

Good Saint Luke, when you were small,
Weren't you ever bad at all?

Let the deeds you think upon
Be my kindest ones, Saint John.

Please, Good Saints, remember me—
The little boy at Number Three.

Guard the bed that I lie on,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, John.

CALLERS

The postman, the paper boy,
The piano-tuner too,
They all come the front way like Visitors do,
But Cook's friend Emily, who's 'Fraid of
growing fat
Pops in the back way
And has a little chat !

Old Mrs. Postlethwaite,
Young Miss Moore,
Both stand ringing at the great front door,
But Cook's friend Emily from Number
Twenty-three
Pops in the back way
And has a cup of tea !

Nice Doctor Nicholson,
Aunties-come-to-stay,
All come to see us by the front door way,
But Cook's friend Emily with buckles on
her shoes
Pops in the back way
And tells us All the News !

THE LITTLEST ANGEL

I dreamt three angels, wings and all,
Came down to picnic in our hall :

Two of the angels carried a rose,
But the Littlest Angel turned in her toes !

Two of the angels were shy at the beginning,
But the Littlest Angel was definitely grinning !

Two of the angels sang a song,
But the Littlest Angel sang the words all wrong !

Two of the angels gossamer wore,
But the Littlest Angel had her pinny back to fore !

Two of the angels were bright of eye,
But the Littlest Angel wore her wreath awry !

Two of the angels were fitly gowned,
But the Littlest Angel looked plump all round !

Two of the angels were full of grace,
But the Littlest Angel made a Very Rude Face !

MISTAKEN GENEROSITY

They've given me a large sized doll with ribbons in
her hair,
And though it's very kind of them I hoped she'd be a
bear :

The stitching on her petticoat's so small you hardly
see—
But I hoped she'd be a cuddly bear to take to bed with
me.

She's two of almost everything—they all take off all
right—
But I'd rather have a Teddy Bear for company at
night :

I never want to cuddle her, she crumples if you touch,
But you can squeedge a Teddy, and it doesn't notice
much.

I don't deserve a large sized child who usually obeys—
Why wasn't she a cuddly bear with awful spanking
ways ?
She may have lovely coral beads and lashes made of
hair,
But she's a doll, and oh I hoped—I hoped she'd be a
bear !

THE SHIP THAT WOULDN'T SAIL

Now Montague Macgregor Macnamara J. McBee
Was Skipper of the sailing ketch the good ship
DUNGAREE,
Which when in navigation was assisted by a crew
Of Macnamara, J. McBee, Macgregor, Montague ;
Singing, Blow wind blow, and go ship GO,
No matter the weather we're always together,
Yoho ! Yoho ! YOHO !

Now it happened that one morning when the good ship
DUNGAREE
Had sailed into the middle of a High and Foreign Sea,
She suddenly became becalmed, as any ship might do,
To the utter consternation of her Skipper and her Crew.
With a Blow wind blow, for our ship won't go,
Although she's unharmed, she's completely becalmed,
Yoho ! Yoho ! YOHO !

Now Montague Macregor Macnamara J. McBee
Had one invaluable rule when in a Quandary,
For you couldn't be the Skipper of a sailing ketch and
crew
That rides the pond at Kensington without a Trick or
Two
With an S.O.S. (Golly !), S.O.S.
Hi, Admiral Nan come as quick as you can,
'Cos it's S.O.S.

Now Nan she was an Admiral of very great resource
And she carried an umbrella that could set ships in
their course,
So she prodded and she prodded till the good ship
DUNGAREE
Went a'sailing to her waiting Crew and Skipper
J. McBee :
With a Blow wind BLOW, and a go ship GO,
For here's to McBee and the ship DUNGAREE,
Yoho ! Yoho ! YOHO !

DON'T YOU?

Some thoughts by Candleshine.

I like things round—
I like the moon,
And the smooth inside
Of a silver spoon ;
I like pennies
And Sixpennies too—
I LIKE things round—
Don't you ?

I like things small—
My nursery tray
All small-ly set
In my own small way ;
And things made little
Specially,
And the small low chair
That just fits me.

I like things bright—
The 'lectric sign,
And shops at night,
And candleshine ;
The bright, clean sun,
The small stars, too—
I LIKE things bright—
Don't you ?

JUMBO

The Elephant
Is always glum,
He finds it hard
To fill his tum,
And gets those sinking
Kind of feels
Immediately
After meals.

His hearing's bad,
His wits are slow,
His spirits
Permanently low,
And though he's anything
But thin
He doesn't seem
To fit his skin.

As to his trunk,
It seems to me
The essence of
Redundancy.

KING CANUTE

Now this is the story of King Canute,
Who came down to lunch in his bathing-suit.
They murmured, " Sire,
The Royal Attire
Is such that no Courtier could but admire ;
But is it a little—a LEETLE too—Rare ?
One might almost suggest it's a trifle bizarre ! "

" Tish and tush ! " roared King Canute,
" I shall wear what I like, and I'm FOND of this suit.
Whatever you say, sir,
I'll have my own way, sir.
The whole of the land, sir,
Is under my sway, sir,
So let's have no more of this nonsense to-day sir ! "

The Jester Jolyon, standing near,
Ventured to hiss in the Regal Ear ;
" Undoubtedly
We must agree
You rule this land right puissantly ;
But what, Your Majesty, WHAT OF THE SEA ? "

The King said " Ah ! "
The King said " Um ! "
The King said " Quite ! " and " Come ! Come ! Come !
I am firmly convinced should I say to the Sea,
' Turn round and go back ! ' it would listen to me ! "
A gleam lit up the Jester's eye,
And he promptly responded with " Try, sire, try ! "

The King Said Something—I think it was BOTHER !

And started a simply magnificent pother.
He ordered the Throne to be moved to the beach,
With coffee and sandwiches well within reach ;
He sent for the Queen
And the Princess Yrene,
And he asked if his Troopers were fit to be seen ;
He inspected his Fleet,
And a Policeman On Beat,
And a number of things far too long to repeat.
'Tis said, in short,
That he hurried the Court
To a certain East Anglian Seaside Resort
Where to this very day careless kippers get caught.

Then King Canute took the Regal Seat
And solemnly bade the Sea retreat.

" Go Back ! " he said. " Go Back ! " but, lo !
A wave ran over the Regal Toe. . . .
" Go Back ! " but a doubt began to rankle—
A wave had reached the Regal Ankle. . . .
" Go Back ! " the King began to whine—
A wave was freezing the Regal Spine. . . .
And the King caught sight of the Jester's grin
Just as the waves lapped the Regal Chin.

Though the end of this story is all too certain,
I deem it far kinder to ring down the curtain.

MORAL

If you are a Monarch like King Canute
Never take lunch in your bathing-suit,
Or if you are partial to jokes like Jolyon's
Be sure that your face is as firm as Napoleon's.

SHIPS-IN-THE-AIR

I like to be
On the window sill
Where I can see
Beyond the hill
Across the lea
Where far and far
It touches the sea
Where no ships are.

But Mother said
It's not the sea
It's the sky instead
That meets the lea,
Still, I like to slip
To my window sill
And pretend there's a ship
Beyond the hill :

I watch for a ship
With a curving sail
That leaves a strip
Of foam-white trail,
With a man at the wheel,
And a boy at the prow
And you always feel
That it's coming—NOW . . .

And that is why
I bag the ledge
And watch the sky
Where it meets the edge
Of the long long lea,
And far and far
It makes a sea
Where no ships are.

UNDER-THE-TABLE

Under-the-Table's
Very secret,
Under-the-table's
Where I hide ;
Under-the-table's
Just a sort of
Place it's safe to
Be inside.

Under-the-table
Isn't only
Upstairs in the
Nursery—
It's a Fortress
And a Jungle
And a Dreadnought
On the sea.

Under-the-table's
Warm and special,
Under-the-table's
Where I hide,
Under-the-table's
Just a sort of
Private place with
Me inside.

NIGHT PIECE

Are you keeping good watch, Mister Moon-in-the-sky,
Guarding the World while the night passes by ?

I know a cedar tree spreading its wings
Close to an Orchard where apple-bloom swings,
I know a window just over the tree
Where there's a little boy waving. . . . it's Me !

Guarding the World while the night passes by
Will you keep a good watch, Mister Moon-in-the-sky ?

BELOVED MONGREL

My dog Morgan's legs are rather short,
But I love him just the same—
His hair's not so silky as it did should ought,
But I love him just the same !
His ears hang down and his face looks glum,
He's nearly always thinking of his Tummy-tum-tum,
And when I call out "MOR-gan," well, he doesn't
often come,
But I love him just the same !

My dog Morgan never wants to wait,
But I love him just the same.
He makes right off at a pretty good rate,
But I love him just the same.
He'd be MUCH better company
If only he remembered he was out with me—
Still, he soon comes back when he wants his tea,
And I love him just the same !

My dog Morgan's not a thoroughbred,
But I love him just the same !
His tongue hangs out and it's rather red,
But I love him just the same !
You'll easily know him if you chance to meet,
He goes Lollop-lollop-lolloping on all four feet,
And his tail looks tired, but his " spression's " simply
sweet.
So
I.
L.
H.
J.
T.
S.
!

SOMEONE CALLING

Someone's calling in the dark—
Coo-hooo,
Down in the garden in the dark—
Coo-hooo,
It might be a Mummy or it might be a Spook
Or it might be a Fairy and I'd like to have a look,
But it might be a Someone who would like me just to
hark . . . .
Coo-hooo,
Coo-hoooooo,
Someone's calling in the dark.

Someone's answered in the dark
Quite near,
Down in the garden in the dark
" I'm here ! "
It might be the Prinsuvwales, it might be the King,
It might be the Gentleman who helps the Church Bells
ring,
Still, I think it's only Daddy, but I'll do another hark. . . .
" I'm here—
Quite near ! "
Someone's calling in the dark.

COO-HOOO
COO-HOOOOOOO

ANY BOY TO ANY SHIP

Do you need a cabin boy,
Ship in the harbour ?
Do you need a cabin boy,
Ship on the sea ?
I want to go to Africa,
India and China ;
So if you're off to foreign parts,
Please take me !

I'm pretty good at polishing,
Ship in the harbour,
And quick at running messages,
Ship on the sea ;
It's all right here for ladies,
Little girls and babies ;
But if it's cabin boys you want,
Do take me !

I'm tired of the things I know,
Ship in the harbour,
I'm tired of the streets I know,
Ship on the sea ;
I don't like shoes with laces,
Collars, ties, and braces ;
So if you're off to foreign parts
Do take me !

I'm tired of stupid places
And people's ugly faces,
And if you're off to Round-the-World
Please take me !

SNARE FOR A BUTTERFLY

Wherever I put my garden hat
The Butterfly isn't—we're sure of that !
Nannie and me, we try and try,
But you never catch up with a Butterfly.

Sometimes I sham I'm a boy asleep,
Sometimes I'm sudden and make a leap,
But though they are little and very shy,
It's no good deceiving a Butterfly !

So Nannie and me we've made a plan
To catch little crabs, which we think we can ;
For you never quite get, however you try,
A garden hat over a Butterfly.

BATH NIGHT

Some like bath night
I
DO
NOT
!
For the cold's so cold
And the hot's so hot,
And the soap goes slippering
Up my nose,
Into my eyes and
Between my toes ;
The sponge goes splurge
And the floor gets wet,
And there's suds on the wall
And Nan's upset,
And the steam curls up
And the air looks white,
And it's not like day,
And it's not like night ;
And then Nan says
I've had enough,
And the chair feels hard
And the towels feel rough,
And there's one thing that's funny
And I'll whisper what—
Some
Like
Bath
Night
But I . . . . . ! ! ! !

ANTHONY'S FIFTH

Ferdinand the Fortieth,
Monarch of Madrid,
Never watched the Fire-works like Anthony did.

Leopold the Lion-Heart,
Regent of Rhan-jee,
Hadn't got an inkling what a Jumping-Jack could be.

Timothy the Terrible,
Tsar of Timbuctoo
Couldn't tell a Rocket from an infant Kangaroo !

BUT

A Mummy and a Daddy and
A small-sized Anthony
Are collected in the garden at the back of Number three.

" OOH ! THERE'S A GREEN STAR ! "
" OOH ! THERE'S A BLUE STAR ! "
" OOH ! THERE'S A *PINK STAR* ! "
" Ooo-OOOO-ooo-HH ! "

Ferdinand the Fortieth—
A Very Clever Man—
Couldn't cope with Fire-works like Tony's Daddy can.

Leopold the Lion-Heart,
Would find it hard to handle
A Most Explosive Quite Corrosive Roman kind of Candle.

Timothy the Terrible,
Tsar of Timbuctoo,
Hadn't got a Daddy with the proper kind of OOH !

BUT

An apprehensive Mummy at
The Back of Number Three,
Is clutching at the jersey of a leaping Anthony.

" OOOOH ! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE ! "
" OOOOH ! THERE'S *ANOTHER* ONE ! "
" *OOOOH ! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE !* "
" Oooo-OOOO-oooo-HH ! "

Ferdinand the Fortieth
Could draw a map of Spain,
But he never saw a Whizz-Bang-Zipp turn into Golden Rain.

Leopold the Lion-Heart
Remembered how to spell,
But he didn't know that awful lovely Fire-work sort of smell.

And Timothy the Terrible,
Tsar of Timbuctoo,
Positively didn't know a Rocket from a 'Roo !

BUT

A Hot and Bothered Daddy at
The Back of No. 3,
Is wondering how loud a noise the NEXT one's going to be !

WHWH ! THAT'S A LOUD BANG !

* * * * * *

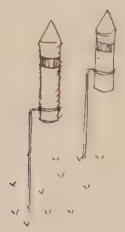
WHWH ! *THAT IS* A LOUD BANG !

* * * * * *

WHWH ! WELL THIS LOOKS FAIRLY HARMLESS . . . .

* * * * * *

WH-eeeeeeeeeeeee-EW !



Ferdinand the Fortieth,
A King of High Renown,
Never had a Fire-work that he could call his own.

Leopold the Lion-Heart,
Had underclothes of Steel,
But he never met a twisty-twirly Cath'rine kind of wheel.

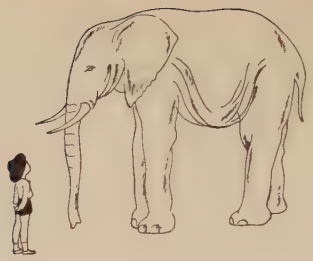
And Timothy the Terrible
Tsar of Timbuctoo,
Never noticed anything except a Kangaroo !

BUT

A Mummy and a Daddy at
The Back of No. 3,
Are rather more exhausted than their small son Anthony.

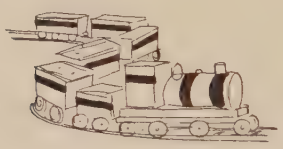
AND

Ferdinand and Leopold and
T the T of T
Were never quite so tired as that small-sized Anthony.



THE SMALL BOY'S PARADISE

I wish I was a Nelephant or
just a Kangaroo,
Cos then perhaps they'd let me stay
forever at the Zoo !



They took us to a big Bazaar—
a room that's full of toys—
And tho' the clockwork trains were nice
the Zoo's the place for Boys.

They took us to the Circus—
it was after bed-time too—
But you couldn't ride the camels
like they let you at the Zoo !

Aunt Amelia's Cic'ly likes the things
they took us to,
But tho' I tried to be polite,
I much prefer the Zoo.

I used to think that Fighting was
what I should like to do,
But now, oh NOW I want to be
a Keeper at the Zoo !

GOOD KING TIMOTHY

Good King Timothy—
Timothy Tonkins—
Otherwise Good King (Capital) T,
Couldn't eat Porridge and
WOULDN'T eat Porridge and
" Take it AWAY ! " roared he
(King T),
" TAKE it away ! " roared T,
FOR
Every King who owned a land beneath his sceptre's sway
Couldn't eat Porridge and wouldn't eat Porridge and hurried the Porridge away.

Lord High Servidor
Septimus Soozle
Called—on his Reference—Good Plain Cook,
" Wouldn't Your Majesty,
Couldn't Your Majesty
Sprinkle some sugar . . . .just look ! "
Said Cook,
" Try it with sugar ! " said Cook,
FOR

Every Cook with Pots and Pans beneath his ladle's sway
Ponders and wonders and wonders and ponders and
. . . . serves up the Porridge each day.

Good King Timothy—
Timothy Tonkins—
Called (Departmentally) Tim. R.I.,
Scowled at his Servidor,
Growled at his Servidor
" Porridge AGAIN ? Oh My,
Oh My
TAKE IT AWAY, say I ! "
FOR
Kings are Kings, but Cooks are COOKS, and when they disagree,
There's Mutters and Malice all over the Palace and nothing got ready for Tea.

Good Queen Jennifer—
Jennifer Junior—
Otherwise Good Queen Jennifer J.,
Sought for a notion and
Thought of a notion and
" ' Try it with CREAM ! ' I'll say
To-day,
' Try it with CREAM, to-day ! ' "
FOR
Any Queen and every Queen of Low or High Degree
Tries Substitutions and hits on Solutions in time to get ready for Tea.

SO
NOW King Timothy—
Timothy Tonkins—
Rather more briefly, Timothy T.
Couldn't miss Porridge and
Wouldn't miss Porridge and
" Why not have porridge for Tea ? "
Says he,
" LET'S have some Porridge for Tea ! "
THEN

Here's to Soozle (Septimus) and here's to Timothy T,
They saved up a penny for Junior Jennie for putting
things right before Tea.

LAZY-LIE-ABED

I've got woolly
Bed-room slippers,
I've got a woolly
Dressing-gown,
Every evening
After supper
I'm the Woolliest
Boy in town.
Every evening
After supper
I don't want to
Go to bed ;
I would always
So much rather
Stay a Woolly
Boy instead :
So it's strange that
In the morning,
I prefer my
Eiderdown
To my woolly
Bed-room slippers
And my woolly
Dressing-gown !

STORM IN A TEA-CUP

Oh, I'm not speaking to Agatha Ann—
I can't seem to think how it all began—
But she used to walk to school with me,
And now we walk there sep'rately !

Millicent heard her prep. to-day
Arm in Arm in OUR kind of way,
And she's taking Millicent home to tea,
But it doesn't matter a bit to me !

Oh, I'm not speaking to Agatha now,
It started on Thursday—I don't know how.
But she's taken the rubber I only lent
And GIVEN it to that Millicent !

They stood together to-day in " Hall,"
And they've swopped their tunic sashes and all,
And Agatha told Felicity
That SHE'S the one who's not talking to ME !

* * * * *

Oh, Millicent's quarrelled with Agatha Ann—
I never found out how it all began—
She sent back the rubber Ann borrowed from me
(AND a very rude note) by Felicity !

So *I* heard Agatha's prep. to-day,
Arm in arm in our usual way,
And Agatha asked me home to tea,
And I THINK I'll accept, but I said : " I'll SEE ! "

HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP

I shouldn't think that ROBIN HOOD
Would bother much with being Good !

I don't suppose that Ole MAN FRIDAY
Kept the Island speshly tidy.

And JACK THE RIPPER probably
Never had " Little Friends " to tea.

I don't expect KING ROBERT BRUCE
Found Percy Veering any use !

I shouldn't think a chap like KIM
Needed a nurse to bother him !

And LONG JOHN SILVER in a fight
He didn't stop to be polite.

And if THEY didn't have to try
To keep their hands clean—WHY SHOULD I ?

LOST

I've gone and lost a Tortoise—
A Timothy Tortoise—
I met him near the cabbages before I had my tea,
But when I went to look for him
Down by the cabbages
I found a Tortoise kind of shell without a Timothy !

And

He isn't MY Tortoise,
My Timothy Tortoise.
I shouted and I whistled but he wouldn't come to me ;
So if you meet a Tortoise—
A browny-yellow Tortoise—
Would you please inquire if his name is TIMOTHY ?

THE GAME

One step from this step's a Funny sort of Place,
And you're QUITE ALL RIGHT
If you make a Funny Face :

Two steps from this step's a Dark Damp Wood,
And you're QUITE ALL RIGHT
If you've happened to be Good ;

There's some THINGS and they're WAITING FOR
YOU three steps away,
But you're QUITE ALL RIGHT
If you've 'membered what to say ;

Four steps from this step's a Nogre's step you see,
But you're QUITE ALL RIGHT
If you miss it out, like me ;

Five steps from this step's the Last Step of ALL,
And you're QUITE ALL RIGHT
If there's No One in the Hall !

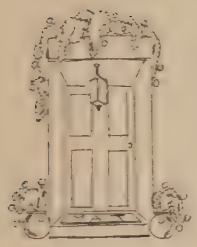
AWFUL THOUGHT

A FLY,
It always seems to me
Is quite
A dangerous thing to be—
Does he
Get a giddy feeling
Upside down
Upon our ceiling?
When he's
Climbing up our wall
Is he
Frightened that he'll

Fall
? ? ? ? ? ?

SHAPES

Tony's house
Is a bulgy house
Tony's house
Is fat,
But our house
Is a narrow house—
They ought to be
like that !



Tony's house
Has a garden with
Two little paths
That meet.
But our house
Has front windows
That are nearly in the street.

Tony's house
Has a light on the porch
And one in the hall
As well,
But you BANG the KNOCKER
At our house 'cos
Dad couldn't mend the bell.

Tony's house is a bulgy house
Tony's house
Is fat,
But our house
Is a thinnish house
AND I'M GLAD IT'S A
HOUSE
LIKE
THAT !

SLOW IN TRANSIT

A
Worm
who
wriggles
all
the
way
must
spend
a
very
tiring
day.

The
path
would
seem
so
long
and
wide
to
one
who
never
learned
to
stride.

You'd
think
the
gate
would
never
come
if
you
must
slithe
there
on
your
Tum
!
!!!!!!!!!!!

IT'S CERTAIN

If you meet a Big girl
Near by No. 3.
And she's wearing Gaiters,
It's CERTAIN to be me.

If she's wearing Gaiters
With One Button Gone
You'll know it's me for CERTAIN
With my Old Gaiters On.

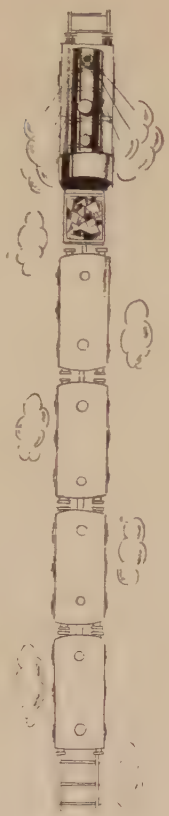
If she's wearing Gaiters
With All the Buttons There
You'll know it's me who's wearing
My Extra Strong New Pair.

If you see some Gaiters
Near by No. 3,
And they're on a Big girl,
It's CERTAIN to be me !

THE DADDIES' DASH

Every
Morning
wet
or
fine
trains
go
dashing
down
the
line
taking
Daddies
up
to
Town
where
the
Stocks
and
Shares
are
grown

Every
morning
Daddies
go
and
stand
on
platforms
in
a
row
wet
or
fine



Each
Dad
in
turn
he
buys
a
paper
for
the
journey
wet
or
fine
in
ways
discreet
he
tries
to
snatch
a
corner
seat.

As
to
Trains
when
Dads
are
late
wet
or
fine
they
never
wait.

JENNY FOR SHORT

Jennifer Short—
Jenny for short—
Wore a white pinafore—
Pinny for short ;
Nobody ever saw
Jennifer's
Pinafore
Rumpled or
Crumpled for
Jenny was taught
Never to ruffle her pinny—in short,
Not to indulge in Un-ladylike Sport.

Jennifer Short
(Jenny for short)
Tired of play
In the way
She'd been taught ;
Jennifer
Went and tore
Holes in her
Pinafore,
Ripped off a frilly before she was caught !

" Don't care ! "
Sobbed Jennifer
Into her
Pinafore
" Shan't wear
YOU any more—
You're far too short !
NOW I can play, Nan,
The things that you say, Nan,
A Tomboy-girl may, Nan,"
Sobbed Jenny for short,
"Now I can PLAY!" hiccoughed
Jennifer Short.

MRS. MORGAN AND MRS. MINCE

Mrs. Morgan
Wears a hat
That's very wide
And very flat ;
Mrs. Mince's
Hat is high
So we know which one
Is passing by.

Mrs. Morgan
Carries sweets
For Good Little Boys
(Whom she sometimes meets!).
But Mrs. Mince
She can't abide
Boys (So when she
Comes by we hide!).

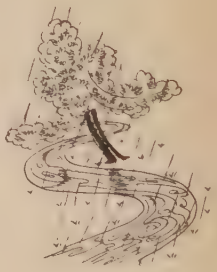
Mrs. Morgan's
Awful fat—
WE think it's nice
To look like that ;
Mrs. Mince is thin, all right—
BUT SHE EATS LITTLE BOYS
(We're sure) AT NIGHT !

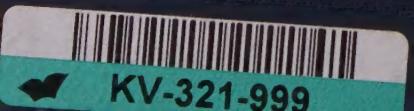
Old Mrs. Mince
Is thin and high
And we put out our tongues—
When she's safely by !
But Nice Mrs. Morgan's
Tiny and fat—
EVERYONE OUGHT
To be JUST like THAT !

STUNNING THOUGHT

It's raining in the city and
It's raining on the downs,
It's raining in the villages,
It's raining in the towns,
It's raining in the rivers that go rolling down
to sea,

And
it's
raining
in
the
little
pail,
carefully
put
by
Me !

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